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THE FORCE AND PERMANENCE OF CHRIST'S LOVE TO HIS DISCIPLES.

"JESUS loved his own unto the end." At the period to which this statement refers, he was drawing near to the agony of Gethsemane and the dying pangs of Calvary. In this solemn and awful crisis, as the evangelist takes occasion to observe, the love of the Saviour to his disciples, which had lived with him through the changes of a brief but eventful life, still continued to fill his heart in the appalling prospect of crucifixion. And as evidence of this, the sacred narrative proceeds to inform us, that he discharged towards them the kindest offices, addressed them in the most soothing language, and graciously instituted the ordinance of the Lord's Supper for present and future edification. No doubt all this had a special bearing on the Christian perfection of his disciples; but the marrow of the Scripture declaration on the subject is, that even while the shadows of death were enclosing around the "Man of Sorrows," and the powers of hell taking hold of him, he still remembered affectionately the dependent and helpless condition of his disciples—"he loved them unto the *end*." A few observations will illustrate this.

I. Let us consider the simple permanence, or lasting character of the Saviour's love. How few *worldly* attachments, under circumstances the most favourable to their continuance, endure to the end! The friendships of youth are frequently immolated on the altar of an uncompromising ambition; the affections of maturer years bleed, and agonize, and die at the pitiless shrine of Mammon. Where no extraordinary occurrences present themselves to snap the ties which bind heart to heart in the pleasing intercourse of life, still the prosecution of different, or perhaps opposite interests, separates very friends, while their

memorials mutually pass away into the land of forgetfulness. What is the history of innumerable early friendships? Are not the graves of early friendships thick as the graves of infancy and youth in yonder church-yard? And do not the fading characters of the friendship that is most deeply imprinted on the human heart, stimulate our minds to appreciate the Redeemer's love to his people, which never owned the power of the mouldering hand of decay? His was an affection of heavenly origin, and bearing the impress of divinity. Unalterable in its nature, and marked by ceaseless activity in its manifestations, the love of Jesus was the sure consolation and the abiding hope of his sorrowing disciples. "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end." How desirable, then, to be interested—savingly interested in the love of Jesus.

II. Let us farther estimate the force and character of this love, by a reference to the persons towards whom it was exercised. If we consider the holiness of our Redeemer—the unchanging opposition of his nature to all that is sinful—we shall have a discovery presented to our minds which must immeasurably enhance the fervour of his love to his disciples. Let the man of reputable character in society make trial of placing the warm affection of his heart on an atrocious criminal—on one who has set all law and all right at open defiance; and whatever nice distinctions he may draw in theory between the offence and the offender, he will find it no easy task to fix his tender regards on one who bears the brand of public condemnation. His moral sensibilities sustain a shock in the unnatural encounter. His heart instinctively recoils from the region of guilt and dishonour, and he seeks a clime more genial, in which the rosebuds of affection may expand in summer beauty. Now if real or fancied purity on the part of one member of our fallen family throws a formidable barrier across the exercise of love to another member, who is merely involved in *deeper* degradation and darker guilt—if it requires a high pressure-force to overcome the resistance offered by such a sense of moral superiority, what shall we say of the love of the Father and of the Son in its descent upon a lost and guilty world? "God so loved the world"—the rebellious and condemned world—"that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life." The Saviour, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, *loved* his own that were in the world; and were it possible for us to obtain a single glance at the de-

formity of sin, as it appears in the view of the immaculate Jesus, we should be filled with amazement in perusing the Scripture testimonies respecting the primitive outgoings of this love.

But this is not all. For after the love of our blessed Redeemer had evinced its divine power by fixing at first on his unworthy disciples, it was under the necessity, along the whole of its heavenly path, of grappling with enemies before whom mere human affection would have been utterly exterminated. Look to the history of the disciples, and read in it your own demerits, and the strength of the Saviour's love. These chosen followers of Jesus, betrayed, in many instances, ignorance, incredulity, distrust, shameful cowardice, base ingratitude—an array sufficient to convert the streams of his grace into the waters of Marah—to merge the music of his love in the mutterings of vengeance. In the history of the disciples, we read of one provocation after another against the kindest of masters; and we tremble for the fate of men at once so highly favoured and so affectingly misguided; and well we might, were not divine love enthroned in that Master's heart. We follow out the train of wonderful events to the distressing scene in the garden, and what is the spectacle which here meets our astonished view? In the midst of his devotions—devotions so heart-rending and heaven-opening, that the like had never before ascended to the-mercy seat on high, the retirement of our Lord, sacred to many an earnest supplication, is rudely broken into by an hired soldiery and a malicious rabble. What a change of scene and of character! Jesus, after making a signal display of his divinity, allows himself to be apprehended by his enemies; and where are his disciples now? Oh, they are surely clustering around their beloved Master, prepared to defend, at all hazards, his spotless innocence! Or if some of them, yielding to the impulse of a pusillanimous spirit, have fled from the field of danger, there are, at least, others who nobly refuse to flinch in the hour of trial, or to permit one who loved them so well to stand alone among his bitter and deadly foes. What saith the inspired record? "They all forsook him and fled." What! not one to stand by the Man of Sorrows in the "hour and power of darkness?" "They all forsook him and fled." What can the Saviour think of such dastardly conduct? Will not his soul despise the cowards who basely abandoned him to his fate? Shall they not for this drink sorrow from the cup of confusion, which his right hand is able to administer? How omnipotent the love which

has its shrine in the Saviour's heart! To the astonishment of earth and hell, he loves his disciples still with the tenderest affection; they are still the objects of the divinest sympathy. "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end." Even the denial of him by Peter changed not the current of the love of Jesus, though that denial was accompanied "with oaths and curses." What a severe trial of affection. Peter denied him with oaths and curses! Did his Master consign him to eternal perdition for that? The Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And such a look! Where is the tongue that could describe, where is the pencil that could paint the mighty and multitudinous feelings combined and expressed in that look? Yet its most essential feature was love; and the love, yes, the very love of that look, stung most poignantly the convicted conscience of the offender. Peter went out, and when he thought thereon he wept. Why did he weep? It was the love of his Saviour's look which smote the rock of his heart, and produced the gushing flood of penitential tears. Have we not, then, amazing illustrations of the love of Jesus, and may we not affirm, with the strong emphasis of truth, that in the face of the most formidable, moral opposition, he loved his own unto the end?

III. The strength of the Saviour's love will be more apparent if we take into the account its continued existence in the midst of his own sorrows, and agony, and death. It has been often remarked, that the purest sympathy springs from the heart which has itself owned the presence of searching sorrow. The conscious dependence, arising out of a state of suffering, induces the soul to honour the drafts of kindred wretchedness on its own sensibilities. But there is a limit to all such exercises of fellow-feeling, and that limit is very soon reached. We may readily learn, from our own experience, that the present power of suffering has no tendency whatever to "melt the soul to sympathy." On the contrary, in proportion to its force and prevalence, it arouses our energies to battle with itself; it concentrates the feelings and affections of the soul on the hope of individual deliverance; or it wreathes around them the adamantine chains of despair. Let the heart be put to wrestle with strong sufferings, presenting themselves continuously, or in rapid succession, and you virtually annihilate its sympathies. Pour into it incessantly the bitter and burning tide of woe, and the lava flood consumes its benevolence, root, and stem, and foliage, and all. Is this a mere picture of the imagination, or do not the world's annals supply

specimens of such waste and desolate scenery? Are there not instances of the kindnesses and sympathies, which have their home in the heart, being drowned in the sea of the heart's sorrows? A notable example is furnished in the history of one of Israel's monarchs, during the prevalence of famine. As the king passed by on the wall of his capital, a woman urgently applied to him for the administration of justice. What was her case? "What aileth thee," inquired the king? "And she answered, this woman said unto me, Give thy son that we may eat him to-day, and we will eat my son to-morrow. So we boiled my son and did eat him; and I said unto her on the next day, Give thy son that we may eat him; and she hath hid her son." What a terrific, heart-sickening disclosure! No wonder that the king rent his clothes and hastened away from this tale of unutterable woe. A student of human nature, he felt far more of the untold horrors of the scene than meets the eye which passes carelessly over the sacred narrative. Consider how a maternal heart must have been blasted and withered by the lightnings of desolation, before this parricidal proposal could be for a moment entertained. View that heart. It was the seat of fond affection. She in whose bosom it beat, beheld her child with a mother's joy, perhaps with a mother's pride. That heart was a human mercy-seat. What is it now? A den of foul monsters—an abode of "gorgons and hydras," under the empire of cruelty. But, no—it is not cruel. Only the fires of affliction, seven times more dreadful than they were wont to rage, have drunk the streams, and dried the fountain of its natural affection for ever. Well, there are scenes of distress in which the strongest earthly love finds its limit, and is therefore proved to be incapable of enduring to the end.

Reflect on the more recent illustrations of this view, as they are furnished in sieges, and in the hardships of sea-faring life. The sons of misery and famine, in these cases, sympathize with each other to a certain amount, and for a certain time. Meanwhile the distress increases; the powers of life are touched; each individual is brought into near, and constant, and terrible companionship with his own sufferings. These absorb all thought, affection, love; and they exhibit him as if under the reign of a fiendish selfishness. What a change. These men regarded each other with feelings of friendship; but now the current of benevolence has flowed back to its fountain, and that fountain is sealed. Now the eye of every man is evil towards his neighbour, and they begin to exchange hungry, cannibal looks.

Shall I say more? More might be said in perfect accordance with ascertained fact; but surely the principle is now sufficiently manifest; and it is this, that severe racking infliction, whatever be its kind, goes to root up every sympathy from the human bosom, and to place the soul under the exclusive tyranny of *self*. Now, keeping this principle in view, we shall understand the power and the majesty of the Saviour's love. He loved his own that were in the world. Persecution whetted her sword, and raised her bloody hand against him and his cause: did he then forsake his disciples? No; but he folded them more closely to his affectionate bosom. Wicked men strained every nerve of wickedness to embitter his innocent life; and, in counteracting their nefarious plots, well might our Lord have concentrated his regards on the maintenance of his own interests. But it was not so. For still it holds true, that he loved his own that were in the world. To the buffetings of Satan, with all the power and subtlety which that master spirit could command, he was fearfully exposed; still no destruction reached the divinity of his love to his people—no shade of darkness eclipsed its heavenly lustre. He was brought into dismal communion with the powers of the pit: the wrath of his Father, too, descended upon him; his heart was convulsed and torn with an agony which no other heart knew, or can know; while his sweat was as great drops of blood falling down to the ground; and still through that dismal communion, and wrath, and agony, and sweat of blood, he loved his own that were in the world. Where had mere human affection been,—exposed to such tremendous agencies? It had been in a state of utter and everlasting annihilation.

Further, in addition to the influences which were rending and trampling to the dust the soul of our Redeemer, there supervened the extreme torture of crucifixion. Exquisite bodily suffering was added to the most transcendent and complicated mental agony. Were the feelings, then, of the suffering, dying Saviour, at last absorbed in his own individual interests, so that he remembered and loved his disciples no longer? What is the testimony of Scripture? From the cross, Jesus beheld the disciple whom he loved—not the disciple, be it observed, whom he *had* loved, but whom *he loved still*. Here is the sublimest, the most amazing exercise of affection that is recorded in the history of the world. Yes, and even then the conduct of Jesus proved that his love to that disciple was fresh and warm as when he leaned on his bosom at the paschal and communion

supper. He loved *him;* he loved them all; he loved them unto the end. The last throb of his heart was a throb of love to his own.

Such was and is the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. What an unspeakable mercy to have such a divine Saviour. What a frowning curse to neglect or despise his great salvation. What is the tendency of this love? What ought to be its effect? Jesus, it may be said, is unchangeable in his attachment. When his love has once lighted upon an object, however unworthy, and united that object to his own life, and power, and Godhead, no fate and no fiend can effect a subsequent separation. Whom he loves he loves to the end. If, therefore, we are the objects of this imperishable love, why trouble ourselves about exactness in our Christian deportment? The ever living affection of Jesus will elevate us to the ranks of immortality. For we know that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Encircled in the arms of redeeming love, may we not go forward, fearless and free, in the positive assurance that we shall sit with the Saviour in heavenly places. Now, in opposition to the apparent force and plausibility of such an objection, we affirm—

That the love of Christ to his people, in all its mysterious force and permanence, operates favourably to the interests of holiness. Let us endeavour to bring the matter to the test of actual experiment. You will admit, reader, that it were dangerous for any one to become a particular favourite with Satan. Why do you make the admission? On what principle is it mainly that danger would accrue from the friendship of the enemy of God? Is it not on account of the known and acknowledged assimilating power of friendship? The cherished consciousness of possessing the love of even the wicked one, so far as it operated at all, would tend to produce a state of mind and heart in accordance with his diabolical principles and designs. And manifestly, on similar grounds, when the love of Jesus Christ acts as a main-spring upon the agencies of the heart, it will go to form a character in the mould of that of the Saviour.

Let us draw an illustration from the comparative influence of the attachments of wicked and good men, with a view to render the principle more plain and palpable. A young man —a brother, or a son, or some other near relative—has just

entered the walks of life. A friend deservedly venerated for wisdom and piety has formed a strong attachment to the youth, who is, in some degree, aware of the good opinion entertained of him; and this circumstance, we naturally hope and expect, will exert a salutary control over the buoyancy and boundlessness of youthful enterprize. Were the influence of an opposite stamp, and proceeding from a man of seductive and unprincipled habits, should we not mourn over the unhappy occurrence, and would not our souls be filled with the gloomiest forebodings? We anticipate good from the love of the good man—we apprehend evil from the love of the bad man. Are we not now furnished with a rule by which to measure the moral tendency of the Saviour's love to his people? Surely like the attachment of the good man, but with an influence inconceivably more powerful, it will tend to produce a life of sobriety, and righteousness, and godliness.

We may come still more closely to the actual facts of the case as they occurred in the relationship between Jesus and his disciples. Facts are the best proofs and illustrations of tendencies. Jesus loved his disciples; he loved them tenderly, intensely, unchangeably; and the question is, did that love in its operation incline their souls to sin or to holiness? What was the distinct experience of the disciples themselves? It were contrary to plain, undeniable matter-of-fact, to maintain that this love did not *tend* to secure the moral purity, the spiritual elevation of those on whom it fastened. Every association, every recollection, in a word, every influence arising out of the Saviour's love, went to promote the heart holiness of those who believed in his name. When Peter wandered, it was the attractive power of this love which brought him back the orbit of Christian principle and Christian duty. Had the consciousness of his Redeemer's love been utterly lost, he would, in all human probability, have gone the way of Judas Iscariot. No, no; Jesus never loved any one *into* sin; but he has loved thousands out of their sins. He loved Peter out of lying, and cursing, and blasphemy. He loved him into holiness and heaven. Is it not obvious, now, that the tendency of the love of Jesus is to rescue his people from the dominion of sin, and to establish their hearts in holiness and righteousness?

Tell the believer that the unchanging love of Christ contains in it the germ of licentiousness! Tell him that light is darkness—that heaven is hell! Ignorance of the Saviour's love may charge it with an irreligious tendency; but the delusion is dispelled for ever, and the charge melts into airy noth-

ingness before the illuminating radiance of Gospel truth. The effect, then, of redeeming love on heart-christianity is easily traced. Has Jesus loved us? Under the spontaneous promptings of this love, did he lay down his life a ransom for us? Does our character furnish fruits and evidences of the application of his atoning blood to our souls by the Holy Ghost? Then the knowledge of the great love wherewith he loved us, will endear to our minds every doctrine, every duty, every ordinance of Christianity. The love of Jesus will bind his religion around our souls—the love of Jesus will interweave his religion with the fibres of our hearts—the love of Jesus will strike the roots of his religion deep into our immortal being—the love of Jesus will, as it were, absorb our very natures in the brightness of his own and his Father's glory. Remove the love of Jesus from his religion, and you render that religion feeble as infancy. Allow his love to remain then, even a heavenly everlasting love, and the religion of Jesus, like himself, goes forth in the greatness of its strength, mighty to save. Hallowed and powerful then is the tendency of the Saviour's love in the promotion of heart-christianity.

WICLIF.

HEATHEN MORALITY.

INFIDELITY and Unitarianism, which even its friends allow to be the half-way house to infidelity, have, in opposition to Missionary effort, expatiated with great pathos and eloquence on the simplicity and innocence of heathenism; and have done more than insinuate, that to teach Christianity is to inflict an evil. Let me reply to them by facts, not arguments; and from a multitude at hand I select a few from China.

In China, notwithstanding all its boasted learning and civilization, the situation of the female sex is wretchedly degraded. A Chinese looks on woman as a mere convenience for man, scarcely sharing his nature. Pan-hoei-pan, the famous female Chinese writer, tells her sister women, that they are the lowest rank in the human species, and that the most menial duties are appropriate to them. The lowest rudiments of education are considered to be sufficient for them; and one celebrated author, in impressing on husbands the propriety of having for their own gratification their wives taught something, though they should never be suffered to open a book, argues, by way of encouragement, that even monkeys can be taught to play antics.

So soon as Chinese girls reach the age of ten or twelve, they are kept in a state of seclusion and confinement, to which the imprisonment of a Popish nunnery is a mere jest. Mencius, a Chinese philosopher, while inculcating the strict separation of the sexes, was asked whether if he saw his sister-in-law drowning, he would not take hold of her hand to save her? He granted that in such a case general decorum might be violated, but refused to be guided by such an extreme case.

While thus the female mind is utterly neglected, great pains are taken with the body, especially the feet. In the upper ranks, from the period of a female's birth, all the toes, except the great toe, are carefully doubled down under the foot, so that after some years the poor victim of this process of martyrdom can scarcely be said to have a foot to walk on, and instead of walking with grace in her steps, she hobbles along on the stumps of her swelled legs like a Muscovy duck. All this is to render her acceptable to the lords of creation; the deformed lumps which should have been feet being termed the golden lilies; and a lady who is desirous of achieving conquests, always presenting her club-foot as being much more effective than the glance of an intellectual eye upon a selfish frozen heart.

The Chinese wife in her husband's house—a man whom she perhaps never saw till her marriage-day, when he opened her sedan chair, and with whom, by the rules of society, she could have had no acquaintance—the Chinese wife, in the house of her heartless husband, is, in the most aggravated sense of the term, a slave.

Hear from one who had too good opportunities of judging, her melancholy situation:—

"What a dismal condition is that of a woman! Her lot is in the hands of the husband to whom she has been given away. Scarcely is she united to him, when she must follow him as a slave does his master. Entering into his family, she loses her own. So bitter a separation pierces her heart, her eyes become fountains of tears; she receives her mother's last adieu without hearing it, from the excess of her grief; and no one sympathizes with her. Even her brothers and sisters return none of her sighs, while she beats her breast in the magnificent chair where they have shut her up. Instruments of joy resound on every side. Her forehead is adorned with jewels and flowers; her ears are loaded with pearls; gold and embroideries shine in her dress; this is the last effort of her parent's tenderness. The porch of her husband's mansion

is adorned with silk flags and garlands of flowers, yet within she often finds only poverty and indigence. I found worse, poverty and pride, a sour step-mother, an infirm father-in-law, seemed to contrive how they might make me feel that I was come only to serve them. The lowest household labour made the sweat flow from my forehead. I was obliged to rise before morning, and when night had extended her deepest veil, the hour of rest for me was not yet come.

"I became a mother; this was a new weight added to my yoke of iron. If I watered with my tears the countenance of my child, I was unwilling to afflict my husband, and concealed them before him. My children increased my trouble; they were frozen with cold and I had nothing to cover them; they cried to me for bread; they disputed for my breasts, and found them dry. How often have I taken up a cord to end my sorrows? Oh my son! Oh my daughter! my tenderness for you made it fall from my hands, and the idea of leaving you orphans appeared more frightful than all my griefs. How little did it cost me to cut my long hair and sell it, to relieve you. I would have sold myself had it been possible."

No wonder that under such a load of misery the spirit of many a female, once tender, should become fiendish; and that the timid mouse should be transformed into a horrible tigress. But whatever have been the provocations on the part of the savage husband, he is furnished by the Pagan laws of China with the power of inflicting, by divorce, another flagrant wrong on her whom the spirit of Christianity would teach him to nourish and cherish as his own flesh. He can obtain a legal divorce against his wife for an envious and suspicious temper, and even for talkativeness, in that land of barbarism, where public opinion maintains, according to one of their own poets, that

> "A beautiful and clever woman
> Should be regarded
> As a hoarse and hateful bird.
> Women with long tongues
> Are stepping-stones to misery.
> State commotions come not from heaven;
> They are born by, and come forth from woman!"

It is generally agreed that the Chinese are almost complete strangers to real philanthropy. There is not a single charitable institution in the whole celestial empire. While English sailors are all agitation, endeavouring to save the life of a poor Chinese who has fallen into the water, his countrymen go on

with their business as coolly and carelessly as though nothing had happened. All passions, however, do not slumber in the bosoms of this cold-blooded selfish race; though they may tamely submit to insult or injury, they treasure up a grudge, and patiently wait for a time to execute a savage revenge.

After what has been said of the condition of females in China, none need be surprised to learn that infanticide of female infants prevails to a hideous extent. Oh, what a spirit is that of Paganism, when the mother can place a large dish over her new-born infant, and suffer it to remain, notwithstanding the heart-rending cries of the little innocent, till death puts an end to its sorrows. Navaritte saw one which had been three days in this horrible condition; it was separated only by a partition of boards from its mother. Its father, grandfather, and grandmother were constantly passing the spot, yet its dying cries could make no impression on hearts hardened by Paganism. The Christian missionary obtained permission to remove it; but his sympathy came too late; the hapless babe, after severe suffering, soon died.

Such deeds of horrid cruelty are not the secret crimes of individuals. The Government of China patronizes and encourages the work of murder; for every morning before it is light, waggons traverse the city of Pe-king to receive the dead infants whom their own mothers have murdered, and their bodies being thrown promiscuously into a huge crypt, quicklime is scattered over them, that their flesh may be soon consumed. There is too good reason to believe that in Pe-king alone 3000 innocent victims are annually sacrificed to the cruel spirit of Paganism. Mr. Gutzlaff having expressed horror at seeing the murdered body of a fine infant lying on the beach of Amoy, the bystanders answered with indifference, It is only a girl.

Paganism is gloomy and cheerless, and so is Infidelity. No wonder, therefore, that in China, where idolatry and atheism divide the population between them, suicide should be so frequent. Even in works of highest Chinese morality, no censure is passed against this awful crime. Modern Paganism and Infidelity, as well as ancient, are characterized by cowardice. The wretched Chinese wife flies to the halter as the remedy for her sore trials; and the learned sages of Greece and Rome could discover no better mode of getting free from sorrow or from pain. Christianity alone can teach men how to live and how to die; and by present consolation and patience, and the hopes of future glory derived from faith in the doctrines of the

cross, can raise them triumphant even over death, and him that has the power of death. I stop not now to speak of Chinese dishonesty and Chinese pride. They are both notorious; and I close with deploring the dark and besotting superstition under which a people so famous for literary taste are so deeply sunk. The trade of fortune-telling, or selling lies, as it has been appropriately called, is practised in China on a great scale, with all its vile arts of deception; and astrology, divination, magic, and sorcery, count their votaries by hundreds of thousands amidst a population of two hundred and eighty millions. Alas for poor fallen humanity! How little reason has it to be proud. Assuredly he knew it well who wrote thus concerning it, as exhibited among the millions of blinded Pagans—"Because that when they knew God they glorified him not as God, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things. And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

TSENG-TSEE.

PARROT'S ASCENT TO MOUNT ARARAT.

SEVERAL attempts had been made to reach the top of Ararat, but few persons had got beyond the limit of perpetual snow. The French traveller *Tournefort*, in the year 1700, persevered long in the face of many difficulties, but was foiled in the end. Nearly thirty years ago, the Pacha of Bayazeed undertook the ascent, but with no better success. The honour was reserved to a German, *Dr. Parrot*, to be the first to tread this lofty eminence. The following particulars of his visit are extracted from his "Reise zum Ararat," of which the reader will find a notice in the Foreign Quarterly Review for June, 1835.

"The summit of the great Ararat is situated in 39 d. 42 m. north latitude, and 61 d. 55 m. east longitude from Ferro; its perpendicular height is 16,254 Paris feet, or nearly 5 wersts above the level of the sea; and 13,530 Paris feet, or rather more than 4 wersts above the plain of the Araxes. The north-eastern declivity of the mountain may be estimated at 20, its north-western at 30 wersts in length. In the former, we recognise at some distance the deep black chasm, which many have compared to an extinct crater, but which has always appeared to me to resemble a cleft, as if the mountain had once been split from above. From the summit, for about one werst in a perpendicular, or four wersts in an oblique direction, it is covered with a mantle of eternal snow and ice, the lower edge of which is indented according to the elevation or depression of the ground. On the whole of the North side of the mountain, however, from about 13,300 Paris feet, or rather more than four wersts, above the level of the sea, it runs along in one rigid crust, broken but by a few projections of rock, up to the summit, over which it extends down to the Southern side, of a less considerable depth. This is the hoary head of Ararat. The little Ararat lies in 39 d. 39 m. North latitude, 62 d. 2 m. East longitude from Ferro. Its summit is elevated 12,284 Paris feet, rather above $3\frac{3}{4}$ wersts perpendicular above the level of the sea, and 9,561 Paris feet above the plain of the Araxes. Notwithstanding this considerable elevation, it is not covered with perpetual snow, but, in September and October, and probably in August, or even earlier, it is quite free from it. In shape it is almost a perfect cone. Numerous small furrows, which radiate from the summit, gives this mountain a peculiar and very interesting character.

The impression which the sight of Ararat makes on every one whose mind is capable of comprehending the stupendous works of the Creator, is awful and mysterious, and many a sensitive and intelligent traveller has endeavoured, with glowing pen and skilful pencil, to describe this impression; and in the feeling that no description, no delineation, can come up to the sublime object before him, every one who has made such an attempt, must certainly have experienced how difficult it is to avoid, both in language and in sketching, every thing that is poetical in expression or exaggerated in form, and to keep strictly within the bounds of truth."*

* Among the many views of Ararat that have been given by travellers, Parrot gives the preference to that of *Sir William Ousley*.—M.

Now follows the detailed account of his journey to the top. He appears to have been in the service of Russia, whose armies, in the last contest with Turkey, were, at this period, (1829,) in possession of the surrounding country. After he and his party had failed in two attempts to ascend, the third proved successful.

"In the meantime, the sky cleared up, and the air became serene and calm, the mountain was more quiet, the noise occasioned by the falling of the masses of ice and snow grew less frequent; in short, every thing seemed to indicate that a favourable turn was about to take place in the weather, and I hastened to embrace it, for a third attempt to ascend the mountain. On the 25th of September, I sent to ask Stephan whether he would join us, but he declined, saying, that he had suffered too much from the former excursion to venture again so soon; he however promised to send four stout peasants with three oxen and a driver. Early the next morning four peasants made their appearance at the camp, to join our expedition, and soon after a fifth, who offered himself voluntarily. To them I added two of our soldiers. The deacon again accompanied us, as well as Mr. Hehn, who wished to explore the vegetation at a greater elevation, but he did not intend to proceed beyond the line of snow. The experience of the preceding attempt had convinced me that everything depended on our passing the first night, as closely as possible to this boundary, in order to be able to ascend and return from the summit in one day, and to confine our baggage to what was absolutely necessary. We therefore took with us only three oxen, laden with the clothing, wood, and provisions. I also took a small cross, carved in oak. We chose our course towards the same side as before; and, in order to spare ourselves, Abowian and I rode on horseback, wherever the rocky nature of the soil permitted it, as far as the grassy plain Kip-Ghioll, whence we sent the horses back. Here Mr. Hehn parted from us. It was scarcely twelve o'clock when we reached this point; and, after taking our breakfast, we proceeded in a direction rather more oblique than on our former attempt. The cattle were, however, unable to follow us so quickly. We therefore halted at some rocks, which it would be impossible for them to pass; took each our own share of clothing and wood, and sent back the oxen. At half-past five in the evening we were not far from the snow line, and considerably higher than the place where we passed the night on our previous excursion. The elevation of this point was 13,036 Paris feet

above the level of the sea, and the large masses of rock determined me to take up our quarters here. A fire was soon made, and a warm supper prepared. I had some onion broth, a dish which I would recommend in preference to meat broth, as being extremely warm and invigorating. This being a fast day, poor Abowian was not able to enjoy it. The other Armenians, who strictly adhered to their rules of fasting, contented themselves with bread, and the brandy, which I distributed among them in a limited quantity, as this cordial must be taken with great caution, especially where the strength has been previously much tried, as it otherwise produces a sense of exhaustion and inclination to sleep. It was a magnificent evening; and with my eye fixed on the clear sky, and the lofty summit which projected against it, and then again on the dark night, which was gathering far below and around me, I experienced all those delightful sensations of tranquillity, love and devotion, that silent reminiscence of the past, that subdued glance into the future, which a traveller never fails to experience when on lofty elevations, and under pleasing circumstances. I laid myself down under an overhanging rock of lava, the temperature of the air at $4\frac{1}{2}$ d., which was tolerably warm, considering our great height.

At day-break we rose and began our journey at half-past six. We crossed the last broken declivities in half an hour, and entered the boundary of eternal snow, nearly at the same place as in our preceding ascent. In consequence of the increased warmth of the weather, the new fallen snow which had facilitated our progress on our previous ascent, had melted away, and again frozen, so that, in spite of the still inconsiderable slope, we were compelled to cut steps in the ice. This very much embarrassed our advance, and added greatly to our fatigue. One of the peasants had remained behind in our resting place, as he felt unwell. Two others became exhausted in ascending the side of the glacier. They at first lay down, but soon retreated to our quarters. Without being disheartened by those difficulties, we proceeded, and soon reached the great cleft which marks the upper edge of the declivity of the large glacier, and at ten o'clock we arrived at the great plain of snow which marks the first break on the icy head of Ararat. At the distance of a werst we saw the cross which we had reared on the 19th of September, but it appeared to me so extremely small, probably on account of its black colour, that I almost doubted whether I should be able to find it again with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direc-

tion towards the summit, a shorter, but at the same time a steeper declivity than the one we had passed lay before us; and between this and the extreme summit, there appeared to be only one small hill. After a short repose we passed the first precipice, which was the steepest of all, by hewing out steps in the rock, and after this the next elevation. But here, instead of seeing the ultimate goal of all our difficulties, immediately before us appeared a series of hills, which even concealed the summit from our sight. This rather abated our courage, which had never yielded for a moment, so long as we had all our difficulties in view, and our strength, exhausted by the labour of hewing the rock, seemed scarcely commensurate with the attainment of the now invisible object of our wishes. But a review of what had been already accomplished, and of that which might still remain to be done, the proximity of the series of projecting elevations, and a glance at my brave companions, banished my fears, and we boldly advanced. We crossed two more hills, and the cold air of the summit blew towards us. I stepped from behind one of the glaciers, and the extreme cone of Ararat lay distinctly before my enraptured eyes. But one more effort was necessary. Only one other icy plain was to be ascended, and at a quarter past three, on the 27th of September O. S. 1829, we stood on the summit of Mount Ararat!"

Having thus happily accomplished his fatiguing and perilous enterprise, our author's first wish and enjoyment was repose; he spread his cloak on the ground, and, sitting down, contemplated the boundless, but desolate prospect around him. He was on a slightly convex, almost circular platform, about 200 Paris feet in diameter, which, at the extremity, declines pretty steeply on all sides, particularly towards the S. E. and N. E. It was the silver crest of Ararat composed of eternal ice, unbroken by a rock or stone. Towards the East the summit declined more gently than in any other direction, and was connected by a hollow, likewise covered with perpetual ice, with another rather lower summit, which, by Mr. Federow's trigonometrical measurement, was found to be 187 toises distant from the principal summit. On account of the immense distances, nothing could be seen distinctly. The whole valley of the Araxes was covered with a grey mist, through which Erivan and Sardarabad appeared as small dark spots; to the South were seen more distinctly, the hills behind which lies Bayazeed; to the N. W., the rugged top of Alaghes, covered with vast masses of snow, probably an inaccessible summit; near to Ararat, especially to

the S. E., and at a great distance towards the West, are numerous small conical hills, which look like extinct volcanoes; to the E. S. E. was little Ararat, whose head did not appear like a cone, as it does from the plain, but like the top of a square truncated pyramid, with larger and smaller rocky elevations on the edges and in the middle; but what very much surprised Professor Parrot, was to see a large portion of Lake Goktschai, which appeared in the N. E., like a beautiful shining dark blue patch, behind the lofty chain of mountains which encloses it on the South, and which is so high, that he never could have believed he should have been able from the top of Ararat to see over its summit into the lake behind it. Mr. Parrot having allowed himself time to enjoy this prospect, proceeded to observe his barometer; which he placed precisely in the middle of the summit. The mercury was no higher than 15 inches, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a line, Paris measure, the temperature being $3\frac{7}{10}$ below the freezing point of the centigrade thermometer. By comparing this observation with that which Mr. Federow made at the same time, at the convent of St. James's, the elevation of the summit appears to be 10,272 Paris feet above the convent, and adding to that the height of the latter, the top of Ararat is 16,254 Paris feet or nearly five wersts above the level of the sea. While the Professor was engaged in his observations, the deacon planted the cross, not precisely on the summit, where it could not have been seen from the plain, as it was only five feet high, but on the N. E. edge, about thirty feet lower than the centre of the summit. The Professor and his five companions, viz. the deacon, two Russian soldiers, and two Armenian peasants, having remained three quarters of an hour on the summit, commenced their descent, which was very fatiguing; but they hastened, as the sun was going down, and before they reached the place where the great cross was erected, it had already sunk below the horizon.

"It was a glorious sight, says the traveller, to see the dark shadows, which the mountains in the West cast upon the plain, and then the profound darkness which covered all the vallies, and gradually rose higher and higher on the sides of Ararat, whose icy summit was still illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. But the shadows soon passed over that also, and would have covered our path with a gloom that would have rendered our descent dangerous, had not the sacred lamp of night, opportunely rising above the eastern horizon, cheered us with its welcome beams."

"Having passed the night on the same spot as on their ascent,

where they found their companions, they arrived the next day at noon at the convent of St. James, and on the following day, Sunday the 28th of September, O. S., they offered their grateful thanksgiving to heaven for the success of their arduous enterprize, perhaps not far from the spot where Noah built an altar to the Lord.

"We have lately received (says the reviewer) an account of an ascent of Mount Ararat in the middle of August 1834, accomplished by a Mr. Antonomoff, a young man holding an office in Armenia, who was induced to make the attempt, partly to satisfy his own curiosity, and partly out of regard for the reputation of Professor Parrot, whose having actually reached the summit of the mountain is still obstinately denied, particularly by the inmates of the convent, who fancy that the truth would lower the opinion of the people with regard to the sanctity of their mountain. Mr. Antonomoff succeeded in reaching the summit; the large cross, set up by Mr. Parrot, was nearly covered with snow, the smaller cross, planted on the summit, was not to be found, and was probably buried in the snow. One of his guides, who had also accompanied Mr. Parrot, shewed him the spot where it had been set up. He asked some persons to look while he was at the top and try if they could see him. On his coming down, however, nobody would admit having seen him there; they all affirmed, that to reach the summit was impossible; and though he and his guides agreed, the magistrates of the village refused not only to give him a certificate of his having ascended the mountain, but even of his guides having declared he had done so."

This disbelief of the assertion that the mountain has actually been ascended, is not confined to the people of the country, but is shared by the American Missionaries, Messrs. Smith and Dwight, (Researches in Armenia, p. 267, note), who, in justification of their incredulity, say, that the report was not believed by many of the Russians, and hint that even the governor of the province was sceptical. But the idea that a man of Dr. Parrot's scientific character could either be deceived himself, or could procure the men of his party to join with him in propagating a deliberate falsehood, presents too improbable a supposition to be for a moment admitted. The repeated ascents of Mont Blanc and other mountains, nearly as elevated, and in a much colder latitude, render Parrot's account perfectly credible.

The incredulity of the Armenians, as to the possibility of ascending to the top of Ararat, is based on their superstition.

"They are firmly persuaded that Noah's ark exists to the present day on the summit of the mountain, and that, in order to preserve it, no person is permitted to approach it. We learn the grounds of this tradition from the Armenian chronicles, in the legend of a monk of the name of James, who was afterwards patriarch of Nesibis, and a cotemporary and relative of St. Gregory. It is said that this monk, in order to settle the disputes which had arisen with respect to the Scriptural accounts of Noah, resolved to ascend to the top of Ararat to convince himself of the existence of the ark. At the declivity of the mountain, however, he had several times fallen asleep from exhaustion, and found, on awakening, that he had been unconsciously carried down to the point from which he first set out. God at length had compassion on his unwearied though fruitless exertions, and during his sleep sent an angel with the message, that his exertions were unavailing, but, as a reward for his indefatigable zeal, he sent him a piece of the ark, the very same which is now preserved as the most valuable relic in the cathedral of Etschmiadzen. The belief in the impossibility of ascending Mount Ararat, has, in consequence of this tradition, which is sanctioned by the church, almost become an article of faith, which an Armenian would not renounce, even if he were placed in his own proper person upon the summit of the mountain."—*The Biblical Cabinet.*

THOMAS SHEPARD.

Cotton Mather says of Thomas Shepard, he was "as great a converter of souls as has ordinarily been known in our days." The most interesting and useful portion of his life is connected with the early history of our land. His name should be held in affectionate remembrance, by the Christian and the scholar, for the agency he exerted in giving character to the literature and religion of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and thus sending a salutary influence down to generations present and yet to come.

Mr. Shepard was born on the day of the Catholic powder plot, the fifth day of November, 1605. He continued in England until 1635, when he sailed for Boston, Massachusetts, where he arrived on the 10th of August, of the same year. His circumstances were not above the middling classes of society, and in consequence of the death of his mother, who died when he was about four years old, and of his father who died

when he was about ten, his early life was chequered with a great variety of adverse providences. The claims of Charles I. for the high prerogatives of kingly authority, against the rising spirit of republicanism among the people, and in the Commons, the severe and furious efforts of Archbishop Laud, to enforce uniformity of opinion, and crush the fanaticism of dissenters, as it was called, produced a commotion in the political and religious affairs of Great Britain, that has been surpassed in no other age. Shepard could not escape this clashing of elements. Before he was known, he obtained, as he thinks, sinfully, a license to preach from a Bishop of London, whom he afterwards terms "a fierce enemy of all righteousness, and a man fitted of God to be a scourge to his people." Several times he speaks of being delivered out of the hands of that lion, as remarkable providences of God. The conference which he held with the Bishop, afterwards Archbishop, and the manner in which he was deprived of his license to preach, is a curious specimen of the furious character of Laud, and an interesting exhibition of the opposite in Shepard. The following is his own account of the matter:—"Dec. 16th, 1630. I was inhibited from preaching in the diocess of London, by Mr. Laud, Bishop of that diocess. As soon as I came in the morning, about 8 o'clock, falling into a fit of rage, he asked me what degree I had taken in the University. I answered, I was Master of Arts. He asked me of what college. I answered, of Immanuel. He asked me how long I had lived in his diocess? I answered, three years and upwards. He asked me who maintained me all this while, charging me to deal plainly with him, adding withal that he had been more cheated and equivocated with, by some of my malignant faction, than ever man was by Jesuit. At the speaking of such words, he looked as though blood would have gushed out of his face, and did shake as if he had been haunted with an ague fit—to my apprehension by reason of his extreme malice and secret venom. I desired him to excuse me. He fell then to threaten me, and bitter railing, calling me all to naught, saying, 'You prating coxcomb, do you thing all the learning is in your brain?' He pronounced his sentence thus:—I charge you that you neither preach, read, marry, bury, or exercise any ministerial functions, in any part of my diocess; for if you do, and I hear of it, I'll be upon your back, and follow you wherever you go, in any part of this kingdom, and so everlastingly disenable you. I besought him not to deal so in behalf of a poor town—here he stopt me in what I was going to say—'a poor town! You have

made a company of seditious, factious bedlams. And what do you prate to me of a poor town?' I prayed him to suffer me to catechise on the Sabbath days, in the afternoon. He replied —'Spare your breath. I'll have no such fellow prate in my diocess. Get you gone and make your complaints to whom you will.' So away I went, and blessed be God that I may go to HIM."

After Shepard had been thus roughly and unceremoniously prohibited from performing the duties of a minister, he removed from place to place, carefully avoiding the pursuants, who in several instances, nearly surprised and apprehended him. But God was his protector, and by the things he suffered, he was gradually prepared to abandon his native land. Many of the best spirits in England were turning their eyes towards America. Some had already gone to this land of freedom. Many men were preparing to remove, and others both in Old and New England earnestly solicited him to do the same. "I saw," says he, "the Lord departed from England, when Mr. Hooker and Mr. Cotton were gone, and I saw the hearts of most of the godly set and bent that way, and I did think I should feel many miseries if I stayed behind."

The arrival of Shepard in the colonies was greeted with joy. He was known to possess firmness and consistency of character; traits of great importance, in laying the foundations of many generations. He soon took up his residence in Cambridge, then called Newtown, organized a church, and by his wisdom and faithfulness preserved them from the contagion of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson's heresy, which poisoned the minds of many of the churches, and which in a slight degree, was, to his great grief, favoured by his beloved brother Cotton, and by others of standing and influence. It was in consequence of the talents, the piety, the zeal of Shepard, that Cambridge was selected as the seat of *Harvard College*. He was the foster father of that institution. Its infancy was committed to him. He nursed it. His prayers, and tears, and cares, with the blessing of God, prevailed in raising it to some degree of strength and usefulness. His name is connected with it, and always will be by those who like the association.

Application was made for aid to the friends of religion and science in England, but little or nothing was obtained. "But," says Shepard, "the Lord put it into the head of one Mr. Harvard, who died worth £1600, to give half his estate to the erecting of the school. This man was a scholar, and pious in his life, and enlarged toward the country and the good of it,

n his life and death." Thus the name and existence of Harward University arose.

Shepard was a successful minister. The secret of his success consisted in much prayer and fasting, a familiar acquaintance with his own heart, and great discrimination in his preaching. He was one of those preachers, and there are no others that can be called successful, who calculated upon immediate results from his labours. It is said that he scarcely ever preached a sermon but some of his congregation cried out in agony "what shall I do to be saved?" Still his voice was low, and his manner mild. It was commonly asked by those who were not permitted to attend on the Sabbath, not, was it a great sermon? but, "who was wrought upon to-day?" He took great pains in preparations for his public labours, which preparations he would usually finish on Saturday by two o'clock in the afternoon; with respect to which practice he once used these words—"God will curse that man's labours, that lumbers up and down all the week, and then on Saturday in the afternoon goes to his study; when, as God knows, that time were little enough to pray in, and weep in, and get his heart in a frame fit for the approaching Sabbath." On his death-bed he said to the young ministers around him—That their work was great and called for great seriousness. He mentioned three things which, in our opinion, ministers ought to hang up in their study where their eyes would frequently meet them—1. "Every sermon cost him tears. 2. Before he preached any sermon he got good by it himself; and 3. He always went into the pulpit as if he were to give up his account to his Master." The chances of the moment, the excitement of the occasion, or any ideas about immediate inspiration did not prevent him from laboriously qualifying himself to minister at the altar.

Thomas Shepard went to his final rest on the 25th August, 1649. Let his pious, devoted, unbending devotedness be imitated, especially by those who bear the vessels of the Lord. —*From the St. Louis Observer.*

WALKING WITH GOD.

BELIEVERS keep up and maintain their walk with God by secret prayer. The spirit of grace is always accompanied with the spirit of supplication. It is the very breath of the new-creature, the fan of the divine life, whereby the spark of holy

fire kindled in the soul by God, is not only kept in, but raised into a flame. A neglect of secret prayer has been frequently an inlet to many spiritual diseases, and has been attended with fatal consequences. Origen observed, that, "the day he offered incense to an idol, he went out of his closet without making use of secret prayer." It is one of the most noble parts of the believer's spiritual armour. "Praying always," says the Apostle, "with all manner of supplication." "Watch and pray," says our Lord, "that ye enter not into temptation." And he spake a parable, that his disciples should pray, and not faint. Not that our Lord would have us always upon her knees, or in our closets, to the neglect of our other relative duties. But he means, that our soul should be kept in a praying frame, so that we might be able to say, as a good man in Scotland once said to his friends on his death-bed, "Could these curtains, or could these walls speak, they would tell you what sweet communion I have had with my God here." O prayer, prayer! It brings and keeps God and man together. It raises man up to God, and brings God down to man. If you would, therefore, O believers, keep up your walk with God; pray, pray without ceasing. Be much in secret, set prayer. And when you are about the common business of life, be much in ejaculatory prayer, and send, from time to time, short letters post to heaven upon the wings of faith. They will reach the very heart of God, and return to you again loaded with spiritual blessings.—*Whitefield.*

WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER?—Jon. i. 6.

I. *Why do people sleep in Meeting on the Sabbath?*

1. Because they served themselves and the world too faithfully during the week. Nature cannot bear more than six days' labour in a week. And where people do seven days' work in six days, poor exhausted nature cries out for repose. Multitudes, in anticipation of the Sabbath, jade themselves out on Saturday. And no wonder nature tries to recruit itself on the Lord's day.

2. Because they do not take sufficient time for sleep Saturday night. They reserve their lawsuits, their shopping, and all their extra affairs till toward evening on Saturday, that they may lose as little time as possible. Thus, in addition to being unusually fatigued, they are up to eleven or twelve o'clock, if

not later, Saturday night. The natural consequence is, they are sleepy on the Sabbath.

3. Because they think that they can't help sleeping. They look upon their sleepy disposition in church as an infirmity; and thinking they can't help it, they don't try to help it. As a man thinketh, so is he. If they *think* they can't keep awake, they *can't* keep awake. That is, they have no *moral* power or disposition to keep awake.

4. Because they take too easy a posture. Some people take pains to brace themselves up comfortably in the corner of their pew, so that they need not fall, or make too low bows while they are sleeping. Others make their arm an easy pillow, or lean their heads for comfortable repose against a post, or against the back of the slip before them. Thus they show that they *calculate to sleep* if possible. And they generally succeed.

5. Because they do not interest themselves in the exercises. If they cared enough about the preaching to follow the train of remarks, they would feel no disposition to sleep.

6. Because they are sick, and of course have no energy of mind to feel the force of an argument, or follow the run of a discourse.

II. *It is improper and wicked to sleep in meeting.*

1. Because it shows great disrespect to God. Those who go to meeting go there professedly to *worship* God. When men go to pay their respects to their superiors, they seldom show their disregard for them by *dozing* in their presence. When Esther went into the presence of the king to present an important petition, did she fall asleep? Had she exhibited so little regard for the king as that, she would doubtless have paid for it by her life. And when men come into the *audience-chamber* of the King of kings, professedly to express their respects and present their requests, how does God look upon that indifference and want of reverence, which permits them to fall asleep while his ambassadors are delivering his awful messages respecting salvation and damnation? Does he not look upon it as contempt offered to his Highness?

2. Because it shows disrespect to the Lord's house. Jacob exclaims, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the *house of* GOD, and this is the GATE OF HEAVEN." Who could sleep in such a place? House of God! House dedicated to his service! House, given away to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit! Not a dormitory, a *sleeping* house, but a *temple*, a place in which to worship the great God of

heaven! Yes, it is close by heaven itself; "The *gate* of heaven!" The place where Jehovah comes out of heaven to meet his sincere worshippers! The place where all the devout, the godly, enter heaven to breathe its pure air, and feast upon its delights! The place where Christians "come to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem," and where they meet an "innumerable company of angels, and the general assembly and church of the first born, and God the Judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant." Can any one treat such a place with so much disrespect as to *sleep* there!! O tell it not.

3. Because it shows great disrespect for the minister. Christ said to his ministers, "He that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me." How can men more clearly show that they despise the minister, than by going to sleep under his preaching?

4. It shows disrespect for the audience. Would it not be thus esteemed in ordinary company; at visits?

5. It shows disrespect for religion. Religion is the business which calls men to the Lord's house. To sleep, when this business is transacting, is showing a very great unconcern about it, or disregard of it.

6. It shows a great disrespect for one's self.

7. It sets a bad example.

8. It is contagious. Where one sleeps in a pew, you will often see others becoming sleepy. Some corners of the church might be properly named, *sleepy corners.*

9. It forms or strengthens a bad habit. The oftener one indulges himself in sleeping in meeting, the more is he disposed to sleep.

10. It is presenting the body as a *dead* (and not a living) sacrifice to God.

11. It is offering a vain oblation on God's altar.

12. It is offering the sacrifice of fools.

III. *Consequences of sleeping in meeting.*

1. Those who do it, lose their time and labour in coming to church. Pity to do so much for nothing. If sleep is their object, they could have got that without so much trouble.

2. They dishearten their minister. After he has laboured six days to prepare food for the souls of his hearers, it is discouraging to find that they had rather sleep than take what he has prepared.

3. Sleepers disturb the devotions of those who sit near

them. This they do by their awkward appearance or their loud breathing.

4. They give others a bad impression about their religious character.

5. They endanger their souls by thus insulting God, who "will not be mocked."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

LETTER TO A YOUNG CONVERT ON READING THE SCRIPTURES.

My dear Friend,—I was delighted with a beautiful story I found in a new book a day or two since. It seems two Mongol-Tartar chiefs came from the borders of China to St. Petersburg, to examine the arts and manners of the Europeans. They were represented as the most ingenious and noble of their tribe. During their stay, among other things, a German clergyman engaged them to assist him in preparing a translation of the Gospels into the language of their country, and they spent some time every day in his study. At length the task was done, the last correction was made, the last finish was given, and the book was closed on the table before them. Still they sat, serious and silent. The minister inquired the cause; and was equally surprised and delighted to hear them avow themselves converts to the truths of the blessed volume. "At home," they said, "we studied the sacred writings of the Chinese, and the more we read the more obscure they seemed. But the longer we have read the Gospel, the more simple and intelligible it becomes, until at last it seems *as if Jesus was talking with us.*"

This is a very pleasing tribute to the excellence of the Scriptures, and it is just such as might be expected from their natural unpretending style. It is the simple, unvarnished style of truth, and therefore it goes straight to the heart at once; as the poet has beautifully said,

> "When once it enters to the mind,
> It spreads such light abroad,
> The meanest souls instruction find,
> And raise their thoughts to God."

I might say many things in favour of studying the Bible, but they are obvious, and you have often met with them. What I want to do in these letters is, to give you a few plain,

simple, practical directions, which you will not meet with in some graver productions, but which, simple as they are, you may not have thought of, and may be pleased to receive.

1. The first thing I could advise you to do, is, *To pray for the assistance of the Holy Spirit* to enlighten your mind. This is what pious David did. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may understand wondrous things out of thy law!" This short verse you can easily repeat when you open the sacred pages; "Oh, Divine Author of the Bible, help me to understand what I am about to read!"

2. *Read regularly a portion every morning and evening.* Let nothing prevent your daily devotions. Try and make every thing suit in the arrangement of your time for the opportunity of reading and prayer. *It is the food of your soul.*

3. *Do not prescribe to yourself any given number of chapters or verses.* There is danger of your looking on it either as a *task* or a *merit*. Read as much, slowly and carefully, *as will profit you*, and neither more nor less.

4. *Read in course.* Begin with the Old Testament one part of the day, and the New the other part, and you will gradually find one helping on the study of the other. Some read only the Epistles, some the Psalms, others the Gospels. You will find it of use to read *all* regularly. The historical books of the Old Testament are very instructive. On the Sabbath you will have more time, and can vary more.

5. *Try to get as much good as you can* from what you read. Bring the verse and the doctrine home, make it a personal matter, apply it to your own case. "Sanctify them through thy truth, *thy word* is truth." John xvii. 17. The word of God, the Bible, is to assist in sanctifying us, that is, *making us holy*. Do not forget this. Here are its operations; we do not only catch the spirit of it, but we are to remember the particular passages to fortify our hearts against temptation. So our Saviour did with the evil spirit, "It is written," said he, "it is written," quoting the Scriptures. And so David, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Psa. cxix. 11.

6. *Try to understand what you read.* Get all the helps you can. I would particularly mention Nevin's Jewish Antiquities, and Alexander's Bible Dictionary; both small Sunday school works. A good commentary, such as Scott's or Henry's, if in your power, might be read at least one part of the day to advantage. Barnes' Notes on the Gospels is a cheap and ex-

cellent work. You might find it well also to mark in your own Bible with a pencil, under any word or sentence you did not understand, and at your leisure examine a good book of explanations, or ask a friend. It would be a good plan to remember the most important difficulties in your reading, and when you met your pastor in the course of his visits, or at the Bible class, or any pious, judicious friend, you could ask him for a solution. This would profit you in many ways. You should try also to remember the explanations which you have in sermons of difficult texts. When you read, see that you get a clear idea of the passage, its spirit and connexion. A little read with understanding will do more good than a great quantity without.

7. *Read books of practical piety.* Abbott's Young Christian, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Baxter's Saints' Rest, Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, Scougal's Life of God in the Soul, Cotton Mather's Essays to do Good, The Pilgrim's Progress, Lives of Richmond, Payson, Halyburton, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Judson, &c.; besides books of missionary travels, and many other treatises of the above sorts, which you can easily procure from the Sabbath-school library or elsewhere. Endeavour to make all that you read contribute to throw light on the Scriptures. Avoid novels and what is generally called light reading; even the best have an unfavourable influence on spirituality of mind. Miss Edgeworth's Tales are among the best, and yet the celebrated Robert Hall confessed that it was several weeks before he could get rid of the chilling effect they had on his piety.

8. *Commit to memory a number of hymns.* You will find it a great satisfaction in private and in the company of Christians. The songs of Zion are very sweet in times of sickness or trouble. Choose those you like best, and some of those commonly sung without book by your religious friends. The sentiments of Scripture are thus reduced as it were to a portable shape.

PRAYERS OF THE DEAD.

A CERTAIN pious lady had a son who was proverbially wicked, and had a great predilection for a maritime life. As such young men generally do, instead of abiding at home to take care of his mother, he went to sea. After years had passed away, a well-dressed stranger landed on the coast, and

made his way directly to the dwelling where he had bade his mother farewell. He reached the house, but it was vacant. He wandered about the garden and yard, and nothing could he hear but the noise of his own footsteps, as he walked through the deserted solitude. Seeing a gentleman pass the outside of the inclosure, he inquired after the former inhabitants of the dwelling. On being told the pious widow who formerly resided in that house died nine months previously, said the long absent son, with agony of heart, "Show me her grave!" He was led to the mournful spot, and there upon the grass-grown sod, over the dust of his pious mother, he confessed his sins; and there, upon the grave of a sainted mother, the prayers of years were answered.

THE RUINS OF SUSA.

THE account of Sir R. K. Porter is as follows:—Susa or Shushan, was the capital of that part of ancient Elam which formed the kingdom or principality of Susiana under the government of Abradates, who was afterwards the friend and ally of Cyrus. On the death of that prince the Persian monarch became sole sovereign of Susiana; and we find that he shortly after preferred its capital for his winter residence before the old imperial towers of Babylon. The modern name of this province is Khuzistan, while that of the ruins is the same as before, being Shus or Shusan. Mr. Macdonald Kinnier observes that Shus is a Pehlevi word signifying pleasant; and that when Shapoor, the conquerer of Valerian, erected his royal city on the banks of the Karoon (not fifty miles from this ancient capital), he called it Shuster, which means more pleasant. The remarks of that accurate observer, in his geography of Persia, are particularly interesting on this very head of Susa, and satisfactorily prove the conclusions he draws from the position of the ruins, &c., that on the long bounded track of Shus, we indeed find the remains of the once favourite capital of Cyrus; that we see the classic Choaspes of Herodotus in the Kerrah, the waters of which were sacred to the lip of majesty alone; and in its neighbouring river the Abzal, we find the still more hallowed Eulæus or Ulai, which the Scriptures describe as the scene of Daniel's prophetic visions. "And it came to pass I was at Shushan in the palace, which is in the province of Elam; and I saw in a vision, and I was by the river Ulai." Dan. viii. 2.

The ruins of Susa, in themselves, present an appearance not at all unlike those of Babylon, being a succession of similar mounds covered with fragments of bricks, tiles, &c., and stretching over a space of country to the extent of ten or twelve miles. Of these mounds two stand pre-eminent and of enormous expanse; one being in circumference a mile, and the other nearly two: their height measures about 150 feet. They are composed of huge masses of sun-dried bricks, and courses of burnt brick and mortar, and stand not very far from the banks of the Kerrah, or Kara-su; from whose Eastern shore the vestiges of this famous capital are yet traceable nearly to the banks of the Abzal, approaching the town of Desphoul. The people of the country distinguish these two great mounds by the names of 'the Castle,' and 'the Palace,' and at the foot of the largest appears a little dome-like building, under which travellers are shown the tomb of the prophet Daniel. A dervise resides there impressed with a belief of its peculiar sanctity, and who points to the grave of the inspired son of Judah with as much homage as if it belonged to one of his own most respected imauns. Though covered by this modern structure, no doubt is held by Jew, Arab, or Mussulman, of the great antiquity of the tomb beneath; all having the same tradition, that it indeed contains the remains of the prophet.

The site of this once noble metropolis of the ancient princes of Elam, is now a mere wilderness, given up to beasts of prey; no human being disputing their right, excepting the poor dervise who keeps watch over the tomb of the prophet. The friend to whom I am indebted for the outlines I subjoin, passed the night under the same protection, listening to the screams of hyænas, and the roaring of lions, wandering around its solitary walls. The venerable recluse showed him several blocks of stone curiously sculptured, and of evident antiquity, two of which he sketched hastily, and allowing me to copy, also described them to me.

DIRECTIONS

To Prevent the grey hairs of Parents from coming down with sorrow to the grave, through the misconduct of Children.

1. SECURE the affections of your children for yourself, for each other, and for home. Do this by a pleasant countenance, pleasant tones, kind offices, orderly arrangements; good books,

adapted to their age, capacity, and taste; and cheerful, enlightened, profitable conversation. Many children run from home to get rid of scolding, disorder, sour looks, or its dull, uninteresting monotony. They find little instructive or pleasing in the conversation. They have no interesting books, or periodicals, and hence learn to murder time with cards, chess, billiards, vain stories, obscene songs, &c., until led from one haunt of vice to another, they become inebriates, idlers, and profligates, and end their days in sorrow or ignominy.

2. Maintain an authority over them. For this purpose abide by your own decisions. Never allow teasing. Perform what you threaten, else they will learn lying from your own lips. Give reasons for what you do. Make them feel that correction is as painful to you as it is to them—(cruel parents will have bad children.) Look them full in the face when you speak to them, and teach them to look at you. Never allow yourself to repeat a direction several times; and always enforce your precepts, counsels, and demands from the Bible.

3. Make it your constant care to inculcate piety. Let them see that this is the great desire of your soul concerning them; that you never lose sight of this object. Pray for it in the family; impress it upon them before any special means of grace; cultivate in them a taste for Christian biography. To this end select the most interesting and affecting biographies, and water your labours with many closet prayers.

THE TOMB OF DANIEL.

The following is the tradition from the Persian M.S. of Aasim of Cufah, as given by Sir William Ouseley:—In the 18th year, of the Hegira, A. D. 640, whilst Omar was calif, an Arabian army, under Abou Mousa al Ashari, invaded Susiana. In the ancient capital Susa, (Sus), that general found, besides considerable treasures of various kinds, an extraordinary sepulchral monument, which, according to local tradition, contained the body of the prophet Daniel. Of this discovered monument, the most circumstantial account is given by Abou Mohammed Ahmed, whose father, Aasim of Cufah, flourished so shortly after the conquest of Susiana, that he might, when young, have conversed with several of the veteran warriors, whose valour had contributed to that event, for he died in A. D. 735, as we learn from Casiri. Ebn Aasim's book of victories, in the original Arabic, is a work very rare;

but it was translated into Persian by Ahmed al Mastouzi, about the year 1200, A. D., and copies in this language are sufficiently numerous. I have extracted what relates to the tomb of Daniel. Abou Mousa having pillaged the territory of Ahwaz, proceeded to Susa, where he slew the governor or Persian Prince, named Shapour, the son of Azurmahan. Then he entered the castle and palace of that prince, and seized all the treasure there, deposited in different places, until he came to a certain chamber, the door of which was strongly fastened, a leaden seal being affixed to the lock. Abou Mousa inquired of the people of Sus what precious article was guarded with such care in this chamber. They assured him that he would not regard it as a desirable object of plunder; but his curiosity was roused, and he caused the lock to be broken, and the door to be opened. In the chamber he beheld a stone of considerable dimensions, hollowed out into the form of a coffin, and in that the body of a dead man, wrapt in a shroud or winding sheet of gold brocade. The head was uncovered. Abou Mousa and his attendants were astonished, for having measured the nose, they found that, proportionally, he must have exceeded the common size of men. The people now informed Abou Mousa, that this was the body of an ancient sage who formerly lived in Irak, (Chaldea, or Babylonia), and that whenever the want of rain occasioned a famine or scarcity, the inhabitants applied to this holy man, and through the efficacy of his prayers obtained copious showers of rain from heaven. It happened afterwards that Sus * also suffered from excessive drought, and the people, in distress, requested that their neighbours would allow this venerable person to reside a few days among them, expecting to derive the blessing of rain from his intercession with the Almighty; but the Irakians would not grant this request. Fifty men then went, deputed by the people of Sus, who again petitioned the ruler of Irak, saying, "Let the holy person visit our country and detain the fifty men until his return." These terms were accepted, and the holy person came to Sus, where, through the influence of his prayers, rain fell in great abundance and saved the land from famine; but the people would not permit him to return, and the fifty men were detained as hostages in Irak. Such, said those who accompanied Abou Mousa, is the history of the dead man. The Arabian general then asked them, 'by what

* Shush seems to be the Persian orthography, Sus the Arabic, and Susan the Syrian.

name this extraordinary personage had been honoured by them?' They replied 'The people of Irak called him Daniel Hakim, or Daniel the Sage.' After this Abou Mousa remained some time in Sus, and despatched a messenger to Omar, the commander of the faithful, with an account of all his conquests in Khuzistan, and of the various treasures that had fallen into his possession. He related also the discovery of Daniel's body. When Omar had received this account, he demanded from his chief officers some information concerning Daniel, but all were silent except Ali, on whom be the blessing of God! He declared that Daniel had been a prophet, though not of the highest order; that in ages long since he had dwelt with Bakht-al-Nassar (Nebuchadnezzar) and the kings who had succeeded him; and Ali related the whole of Daniel's history from the beginning to the end. Omar, then, by the advice of his counsellor Ali, caused letters to be directed to Abou Mousa, to remove, with due respect and veneration, the body of Daniel to some place where the people of Sus could no longer enjoy the possession of it. Abou Mousa, immediately on the receipt of this order, obliged the people of Sus to turn the stream which supplied them with water from its natural course. Then he brought forth the body of Daniel, and having wrapped it in another shroud of gold brocade, he commanded a grave to be made in the dry channel of the river, and therein deposited the venerable remains of the prophet. The grave was then firmly secured and covered with stones of considerable size; the river was restored to its wonted channel, and the waters of Sus now flow over the body of Daniel."

"The earliest notice of Daniel's Tomb published in Europe, seems to have been given by Benjamin Tudela, who visited Asia between the years 1160 and 1163. The account of his travels, (first printed in Hebrew, 1543,) has gone through several editions and translations into different languages. The tomb of Daniel is also mentioned by another Jewish traveller, whose Hebrew work, with a Latin version by Hottinger, appeared at Heidelberg in 1659, under the title of Cippi Hebraici. But in these notices we find a confusion of the Tigris with the Euphrates, and of Babylon with Susa. The local tradition which places Daniel's Tomb at Susa, appears to me worthy of investigation. Through the more modern authors of some Oriental works, mostly geographical, I have pursued the tradition to Hamdallah Cazvini (of the fourteenth century,) and from him (through Rabbi Benjamin above named,) to Ebn Haukal, who travelled in the tenth. [Vide his Orient.

Geog. 76.] This is probably the oldest authority that printed books furnish on the subject."

The passage in Ebn Haukal referred to by *Sir William Ouseley*, is to this effect:—"In the city of Sus, there is a river; and I have heard that in the time of Abou Mousa Ashoari a coffin was found there; and it is said the bones of Daniel the Prophet (on whom be peace!) were in that coffin. These the people held in great veneration, and in the time of distress or famine from droughts, they brought them out and prayed for rain. Abou Mousa Ashoari ordered this coffin to be brought, and three coverings or cases to be made for it; the first or outside one of which was of boards exceedingly strong; and caused to be buried, so that it could not be viewed. A bay or gulf of the river came over this grave, which may be seen by any one who dives to the bottom of the water."

Sir William Ouseley, in Walpole's Memoirs of the East, (p. 422,) says, "I was finally driven by the heat to the Tomb of Daniel, or as he is called in the East, Danyall, which is situated in a most beautiful spot, washed by a clear running stream, and shaded by planes and other trees of ample foliage. The building is of Mahomedan date, and inhabited by a solitary Dervish, who shews the spot where the prophet is buried beneath a small and simple square brick mausoleum, said to be (without probability) coeval with his death. It has, however, neither date nor inscription to prove the truth or falsehood of the Dervish's assertion. The small river running at the foot of this building, which is called the Bellerau, it has been said, flows immediately over the prophet's tomb, and from the transparency of the water, his coffin was to be seen at the bottom; but the Dervish and the natives whom I questioned, remembered no tradition corroborating such a fact;—on the contrary, it has at all times been customary with the people of the country to resort hither on certain days of the month, when they offer up their prayers at the tomb I have mentioned, in supplication to the prophet's shade; and by becoming his guests for the night, expect remission from all present grievances and an insurance against those to come." Sir William Ouseley also delineates a remarkable stone preserved near the "Tomb of Daniel," amidst the ruins of Susa, which cover, according to Colonel Monteith, a space of sixteen or eighteen miles. This stone was at first not highly valued, but eventually the people subscribed nearly £1600, to be allowed to retain it as their talisman.

LIVING UNTO CHRIST.

To put on the name of Christ, and not walk in the ways of Christ, what is it but to prevaricate with God?

He who sincerely prays to God through Christ, will seek to live to God by Christ.

It is not the outward profession of Christianity, but the inward power of it, that avails with God.

He who seldom thinks of Christ, is not likely to imitate his holy example; the way to hit a mark is to keep the eye steadily fixed upon it.—*Churchman's Almanac, for* 1835.

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

Oh! look up to the soft blue sky,
Arching above thee, bright and fair;
Cold is the heart, and dull the eye
Which feels not, sees not God is *there!*

Look round thee, on this spacious earth,
With every varied beauty rife,
Starts not an instant thought to birth
Of Him whose presence gives it life?

Survey the billowy boundless deep!
Is there no voice salutes thine ear—
Whisp'ring, when tempests o'er it sweep,
In still small accents—God is *here?*

Glance upwards—in night's silent hour,
The countless orbs in glory bright;
These speak, unheard, their Maker's power,
Whose *presence* is their *source of light!*

Hark to the winds! which come and go,
O'er seas unfathomed, wastes untrod;
Are they not heralds, to and fro,
Of Him—the omnipresent God?

All forms of sentient being trace;
Proclaim they not his power and love?
Vocal, in harmony or grace
To Him—in whom they live and move!

Last, but not least, O turn *within!*
With humble hope, and holy prayer;
For in each heart, redeem'd from sin
The Eternal God *is present there!*

How can it be a trustless dream,
When, through His Son, on him we call?
Since He, the Omnipotent Supreme,
Is every where, and all in all!—B. Barton.

Wilson, Printer, 70, High-street.